

DELL®

15c

01-948-209

JULY-SEPT.

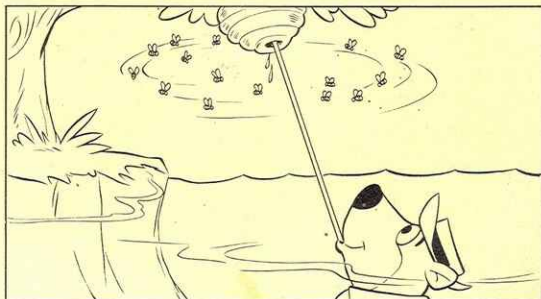
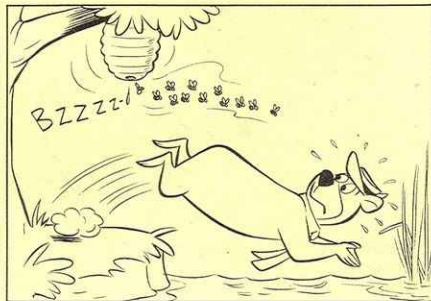
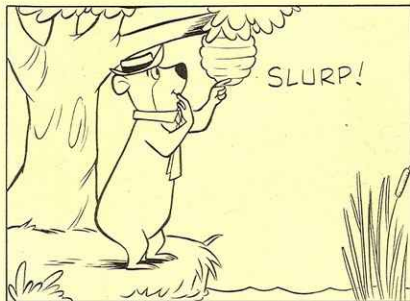
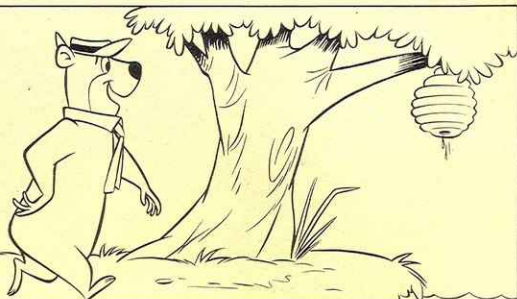
Hanna-Barbera

# YOGI BEAR



Hanna-Barbera  
**YOGI BEAR**

*UNDERWATER WIZARD*







POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.  
 YOGI BEAR, No. 9, July-Sept., 1962. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold F. Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bryce L. Holland, Vice-President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York and at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Possessions 60c per year. Subscriptions in Canada 75c per year. Pan-American and foreign countries 90c per year. Dell Subscription Service: Box 2200, Grand Central P.O., New York 17, N.Y. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1962, by Hanna-Barbera Productions.

This periodical shall be sold only through authorized dealers. Sales of mutilated copies or copies without covers, and distribution of this periodical for premiums, advertising, or giveaways, are strictly forbidden.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.





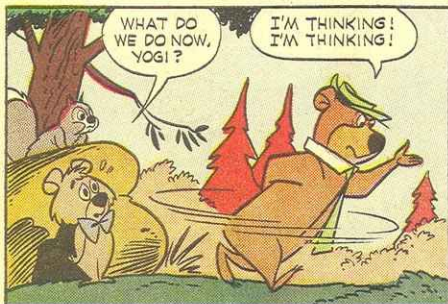




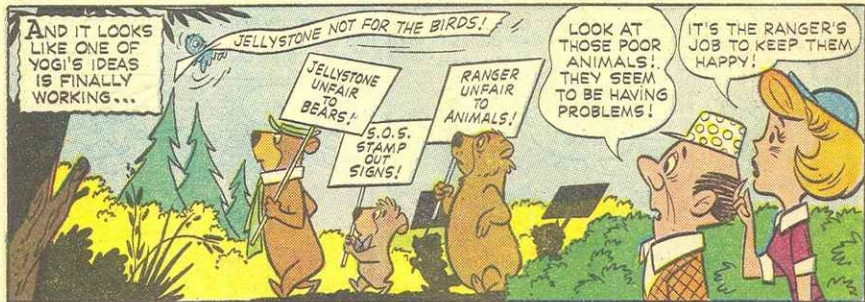




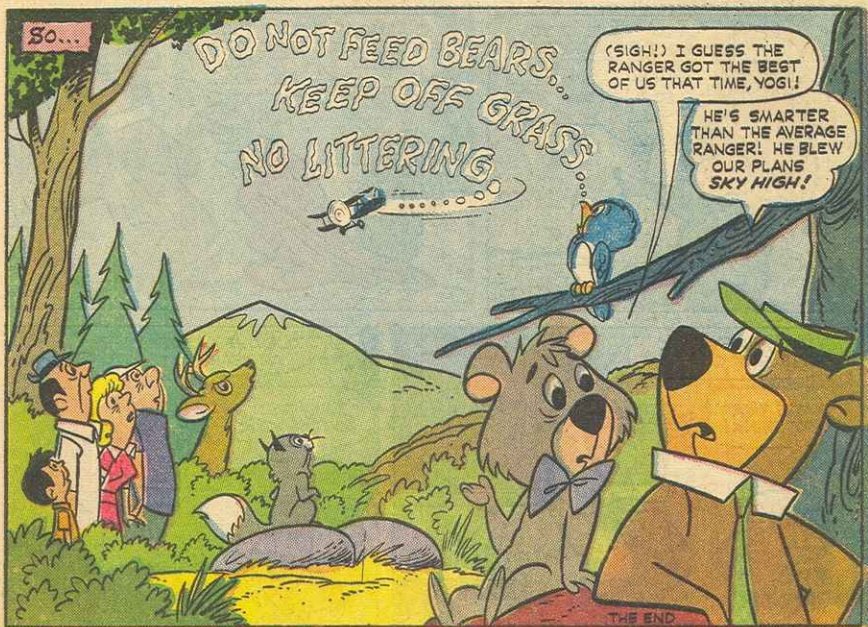














Hanna-Barbera **Yogi Bear**

# The BOOGEY WOOGHEY BLUES









BUT NO SOONER ARE OUR FUZZY FRIENDS SEATED WHEN...

ER...HOW COME YOU'RE NOT SHOVELING DOWN YOUR POPCORN, YOGI?

LOOK WHO'S ON THE SCREEN!

IT'S BORIS BADLOT, FILMADOM'S MOST FIENDISH BOOGYMAN!

YOU CAN EAT MY POPCORN, BOO BOO... I'M JUST NOT HUNGRY NOW!

ER...THANKS, BIG BUDDY BEAR!

WELL, I'LL BE SKINNED! BORIS BADLOT TAKES AWAY YOGI'S APPETITE!

So...

SEE YOU LATER AT JELLYSTONE, YOGI! I'VE GOTTA SEE A MAN ABOUT A PLAN!

TOODLE-LOO, BOO BOO!

HEH! I'VE GOT A FEELING BORIS BADLOT WILL GO FOR MY PLAN, IF I SPRING IT RIGHT!

I ACTUALLY SCARE A BIG OLD BEAR?

YES, SIR! BET CHA DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE THAT GOOD!

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE...

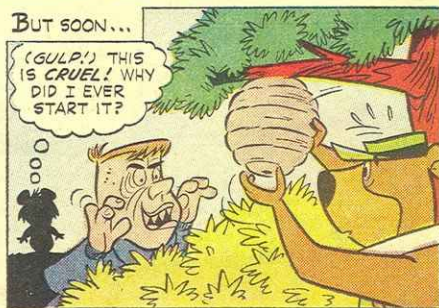
THEN WHY NOT SEE FOR YOURSELF? TAKE A CAMPING VACATION AT JELLYSTONE PARK!



AND SHORTLY...











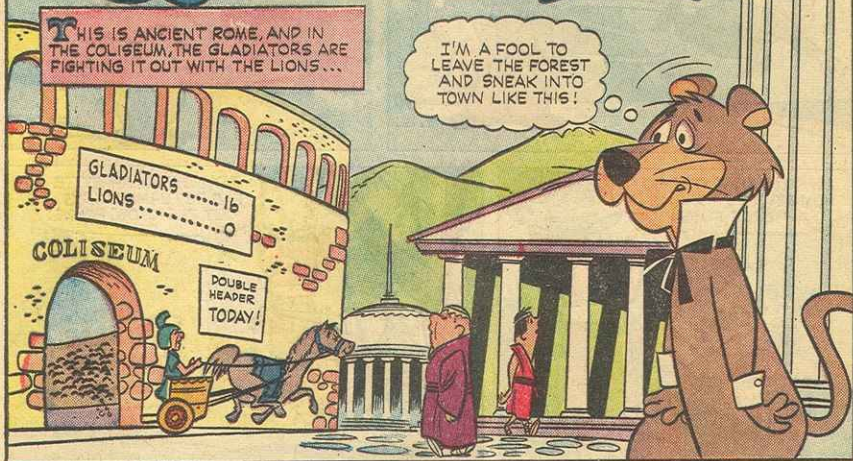


Hanna-Barbera **SNAGGLEPUSS**

# GOOD DEED DAY

THIS IS ANCIENT ROME, AND IN THE COLISEUM, THE GLADIATORS ARE FIGHTING IT OUT WITH THE LIONS...

I'M A FOOL TO LEAVE THE FOREST AND SNEAK INTO TOWN LIKE THIS!



BUT THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE I CAN GET (DROOL!) PIZZAS!



(MUNCH! MUNCH!) EGAD, THOUGH! THE TASTE IS ALMOST WORTH THE RISK OF BEING CAUGHT AND FORCED TO FIGHT IN THE COLISEUM!



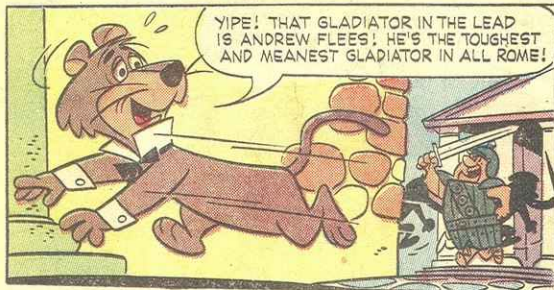
ZOUNDS! ALMOST, BUT NOT QUITE! I SEE A ROMAN OFFICER UP AHEAD! EXIT STAGE, BACKWARDS!



ANY PORT IN A STORM! I'LL HIDE IN HERE UNTIL YON LAW OFFICER QUITS PATROLLING THIS PART OF THE PAVEMENT!











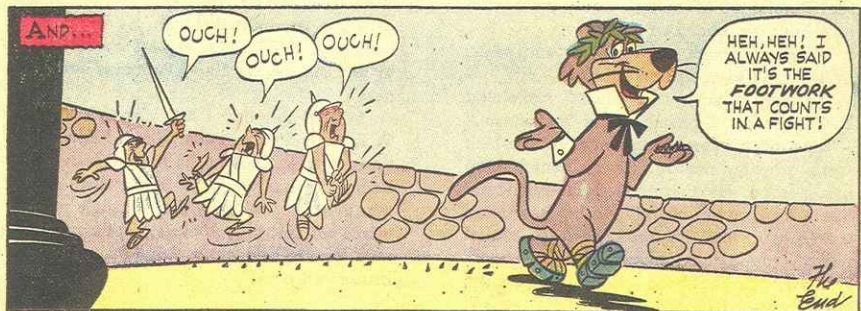




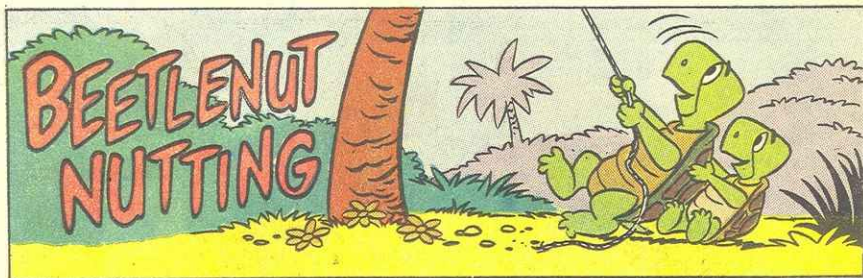












T. Tankhead Turtle and his friend, Teeny Turtle, were taking their afternoon stroll, when they paused to rest under a very tall beetlenut tree.

"Gee, Tank," exclaimed Teeny. "Look at all those beetlenuts up in the top of this tree! Don't they look good?"

"I know what you mean," said T. Tankhead. "I'm a little hungry, myself."

"But how can we get to them?" questioned Teeny. "They're way too high to reach, and turtles can't climb trees, you know. Maybe we could get a long ladder and put it in the tree. We could climb the ladder."

"Don't be silly," replied T. Tankhead Turtle. "That would be much too difficult. Old Tank has a better idea. We will get long poles that will reach up into the tree. Then we'll knock the beetlenuts down."

"I don't know, Tank," Teeny replied. "Sometimes, difficult ways prove to be the easiest in the long run."

"Oh, hosh-posh!" exclaimed T. Tankhead. "Here, help me trim these branches."

T. Tankhead and Teeny removed the leaves from two long branches that they found on the ground nearby. Although the branches were sturdy, they were not long enough to reach to the top of the tree where the beetlenuts hung abundantly.

"We can't touch the nuts," cried Teeny. "Why don't we go get a ladder?"

"Enough of such silly ideas," exclaimed T. Tankhead. "I have another brainstorm."

Tank tore off some twine-bush vines which were growing nearby. He fashioned them into a rope. He then coiled the vine-rope into a lasso, whirled it above his head, and tossed it up into the tree. The lasso settled neatly around the topmost branch.

"Now," T. Tankhead cried triumphantly,

"help me pull on the rope. We'll bend the tree right down to where we can reach the top branches and gather the nuts."

Teeny grabbed T. Tankhead around the waist, and they pulled... and they pulled... and they huffed... and they puffed. The tree slowly bent, bringing the branches down toward them. But soon, the pull became too strenuous.

"Tank," Teeny cried, "I can't hold onto you much longer! I'm slipping!"

And with that, Teeny let go.

TWANG! SNAP! ZIP! T. Tankhead, still holding to his vine-rope, was hurled high into the air, as the tree snapped upright. He was hurled right into the top branches. CRASH! WHAM! A shower of beetlenuts fell to the ground.

A moment later, after Teeny had regained his composure, he called out, "Hey, Tank, while you are up there, how about throwing a few more nuts down to me?"

"Very funny," cried T. Tankhead, as he held on tightly to the swaying branch. "My life is in danger and you want more nuts!"

T. Tankhead Turtle finally managed to slide down the vine-rope to the safety of the ground.

As Teeny helped his friend to a soft mound of grass beneath the tree, he exclaimed, teasingly, "Well, Tank, anyway you managed to get some very fine beetlenuts for us to eat."

"But not the way I had planned, Teeny," T. Tankhead ruefully admitted. "You know, you were right about the more difficult way being the easiest way. But, one thing for sure... you can't say that I didn't put my whole self into the job of getting those beetlenuts. I have bruises to prove it... beetlenut bruises all over!"



# the PERFECT GIFT







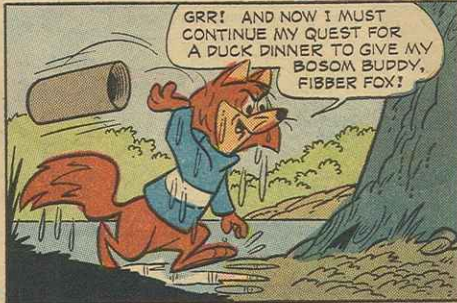
















YAKKY, PAL! WAIT!  
WAIT!



SOMETHING MUST BE  
WRONG WITH YAKKY!  
HE'S ACTING SO QUEER!  
I BETTER INVESTIGATE!



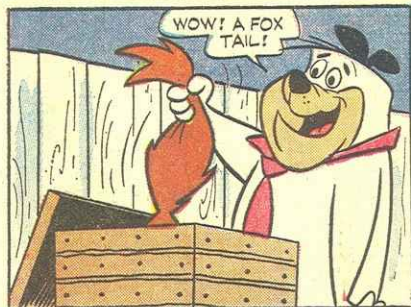
WHAT'S UP, CHUM? WHY ARE  
YOU AVOIDING ME?

I MUST CONFESS,  
CHOPPER! I'VE SPENT  
THE WHOLE DAY TRYING  
TO GET A PRESENT FOR  
YOU! I DIDN'T WANT TO  
SEE YOU UNTIL  
I GOT ONE!



HOW THOUGHTFUL! AND  
NOW YOU'VE GOT ONE! I  
CAN'T WAIT TO OPEN IT!

BUT—



WOW! A FOX  
TAIL!



WITH THE FOX STILL  
ATTACHED!

THE BEST  
LAID PLANS  
OF MICE AND  
MEN AND FOXES  
OFTTIMES GO  
ASTRAY!



AND... THAT PRESENT MAKES A  
PERFECT AERIAL DECORATION,  
YAKKY! THANKS, HEAPS!

I JUST HATE A TAIL  
WITH A SAD ENDING.  
DON'T YOU?

The End.



Hanna-Barbera

Yogi  
Bear

# SITTING PRETTY



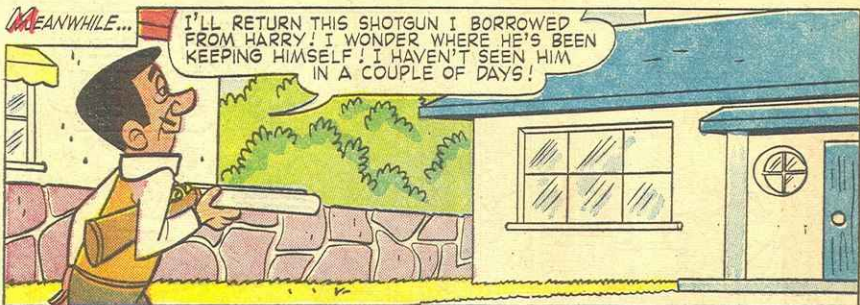








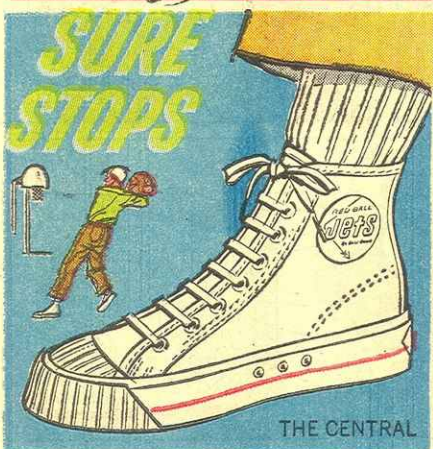












You're Jet propelled in Red Ball Jets. Thick, long-wearing, ground-grippin' soles get you off like a rocket... stop you on a dime anytime! And what comfort! Jets "Arch-Gard" cushions the foot, puts spring in your step. So if you play to win, play in JETS. Look for the Red Ball when you buy.

**Red Ball Jets**  
by Ball-Band, Mishawaka, Indiana



THE END